Miss Ruth E. Springs,
Brownsville, Ont.

254-11 Mar41

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, JULY 5, 1940. | 77th Year.

The Council of Seven

By Humphrey Morgan

For the Messenger

"I THINK, TOM, that you boys must acknowledge the reasonableness of our point of view. This is your last year at college. As graduates in engineering you and Dudley will be better fitted to serve your country than you are now and better prepared to look after yourselves when the war is over. I know that Dud's father agrees with me."

There had been a solemn conference that evening in Judge Challoner's big house in the city where the Symthes had been spending the fateful week-end of September Third. The ladies of the two families had gone to the evening service at St. Mark's, leaving the men to chat quietly over the news from London by the library fire—Dr. Smythe and his host in comfortable easy chairs, the young men on the hearth-rug, Dud's long legs stretched toward the blaze, Tom with his broad shoulders hunched forward thoughtfully.

"Very well, father," he agreed at length, "we must accept your judgment and Dr. Smythe's as sounder than our own, but if, in the coming year, Canada needs us, you will be asked to release us from our promise."

"You will be released without asking in that event," Dr. Smythe interposed gravely, "but I must confess that I pray the day may never come."

"Let's go for a spin, Tom," said Dud, getting to his feet abruptly. "It's hard to sit still when we know that somewhere in the world innocent people are dying by the thousands."

AS they closed the library door behind them, the two chums heard Judge Challoner remark to Dr. Smythe "I hate to be selfish, Wat, but I feel a whole lot better to know that our youngsters will be here in Canada where it's safe for a few months longer." Then came the doctor's dry answer, "I'm not so sure that any place is really safe for those two!"

Tom's dark eyes twinkled and Dud grinned broadly as they let themselves out through a side door and into the garage.

Under Dud's guiding hand, the Smythe car hummed smoothly down a succession of shaded streets, over the quarter mile bridge that spanned the river, then up a long hill to the plains above, leaving the lights of the city like a glittering necklace below. Mile after mile rushed by, the cool prairie wind whipping their faces, until they came to a little lake, once a popular summer resort, but now shrivelled by drought into a reedy pond. Here they stopped and strolled down through the darkness to where water glimmered under a clouded moon.

Abruptly, from out the willows bordering the pond, someone spoke in a low, guttural tone.

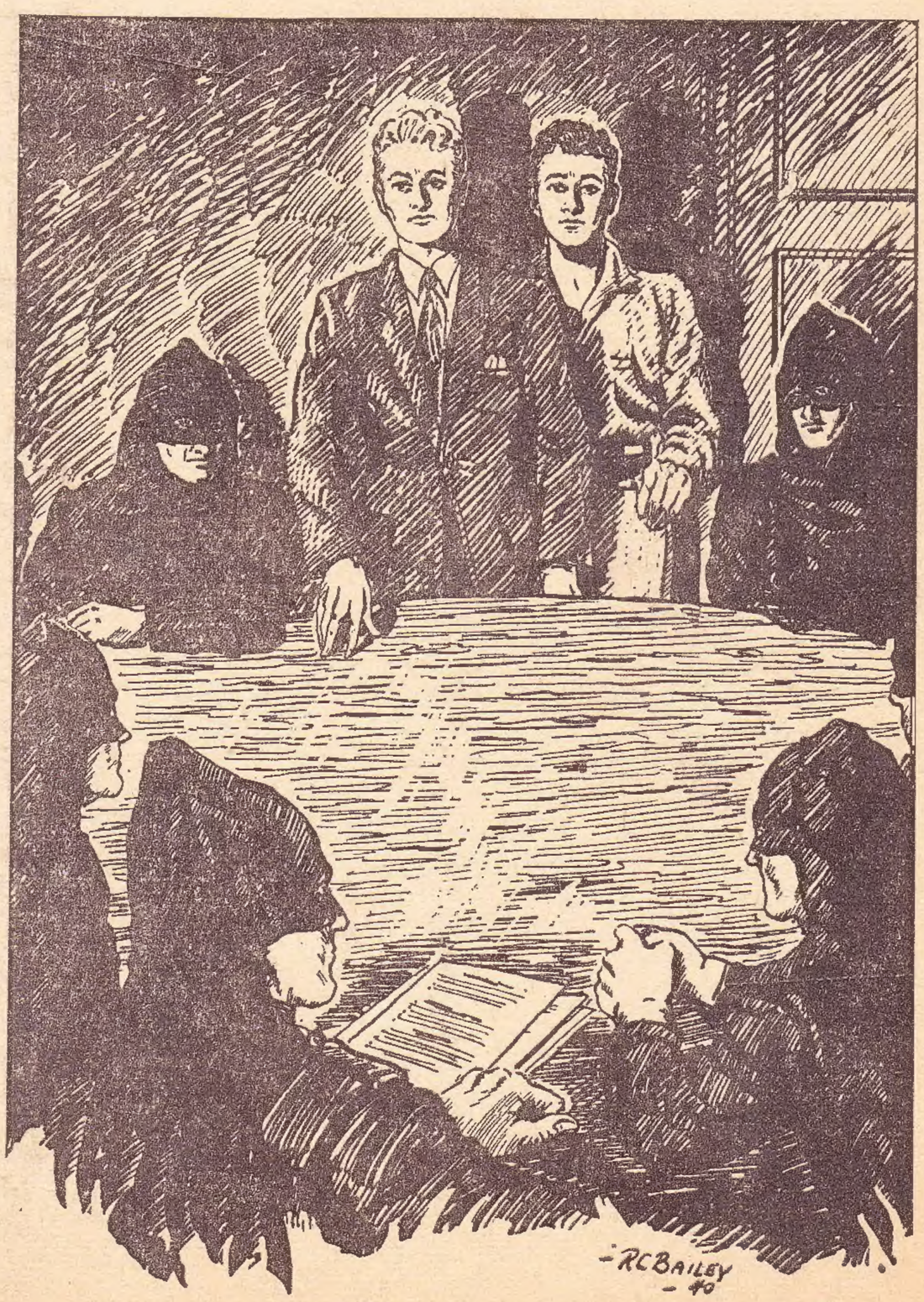
"So-o — you are here, my vriends! You are lader than the time appointed, but it iss good you are here at all. Come."

Challoner had opened his lips to express the belief that a mistake had been made in their identity when he felt Dud's fingers hard on his arm in a gesture of warning.

Without a word they followed the path designated by the narrow beam from their guide's flashlight until they reached an isolated cottage behind a tangled hedge of caragana.

"Here we are," said the stranger, pushing open a rear door upon an empty sleeping-porch. "Follow quigly."

He knocked sharply upon an inner door and from within a second voice



"THAT IS NOT ENOUGH," CHALLONER OBJECTED, PLAYING FOR TIME.

uttered what seemed to be a password—"Poland!"

"Victory!" exclaimed the man with the flashlight; there was a sound as if an iron bar had been lowered within and the door was flung open.

"This is our last chance to clear out before we get into trouble," thought Challoner, beginning to have an active dislike of the whole situation, but Smythe strode across the threshold boldly and Challoner followed. The opportunity for retreat had passed. The door was closed and barred behind them.

* * *

CHALLONER'S muscles tightened in momentary expectation of discovery as a light was passed briefly across their faces, but the guard seemed satisfied.

"You will go straight to our Leader, Number Seven," he directed. "Zig-heil!"

He raised his arm, palm outstretched and number seven did likewise with an answering "Heil!" that fell with fantastic oddity on the young men's astonished ears.

Challoner had only time to hear the sharp intake of Smythe's breath before they were hurried down a dark dusty little hall and into a big room, brightly lighted by a gasoline lamp on a high bracket. In the centre of the room was a bare dining-table and around it sat six men, cloaked and hooded, their upper faces covered by black masks. The head of the table was occupied by the biggest and most imposing of the lot, a thick-set man with a heavy jaw and a mouth like a steel trap.

"Now we're in for it," breathed Smythe into Challoner's ear as the group came to their feet in a flurry of salutes. However, nothing serious happened. Number Seven took his seat at the table and all eyes were turned on the Leader with unmistakable eagerness.

* * *

THAT personage glanced down at a paper in his hand.

"Harry Rapp," he began, looking up.

"That's me," announced Dud nonchalantly, stepping forward.

Tom gasped then smothered a desire to laugh. Good old Dud! He evidently meant to bluff it through to the end if possible.

"Rapp," the big man went on, "I understand that you were employed until recently with the Foothill Power Company at their dam west of the city."

"Right," said Dud.

"Two days ago you quit your job and at present have nothing in prospect."

"I was fired," said Dud recklessly.

Challoner held his breath. The Leader's eyes narrowed and he leaned forward.

"Just why, may I ask?" he enquired.

"Because I didn't think the same way as my boss about a number of things going on across the water."

"Exactly what?"

All eyes were on Dud now. He managed to pull his face into a sneer.

"I didn't see what business it was of ours if England was crazy enough to fight a war over a lot of filthy Poles and I said as much. What does Britain care about them or anybody else as long as she can keep Germany down?"

There was laughter, applause and a volley of excited German from around the table, but the Leader remained grave.

"Your sentiments do you credit," he said with marked sarcasm. "What about you, Spengler?"

He turned sharply on Challoner.

"Suppose," said Challoner, tightening his lips, "that you do the talking."

For a moment their glances crossed like bare swords.

"You are still on the Company's books, Spengler," said the Leader crisply. "How are you going to convince me that you are to be trusted with this job?"

* * *

"WHAT JOB?" Challoner wondered.

There was evidently something big, something horribly sinister impending. And what had happened to the men whom they were attempting to impersonate.

"I'm interested," he answered slowly, "in anything that might be profitable. Make it worth my while and you'll find me trustworthy enough."

The Leader relaxed; he even laughed a little.

"The Empire is rotten at heart," he jeered; "its young men have big, husky bodies, but their honor is for sale! Spengler, it is now ten by the clock. I shall pay you and Rapp five thousand dollars each in cold cash if you can dynamite the Power Company dam by three a.m. We'll supply you with your materials here."

There was a breathless silence.

Challoner saw a flood of red go up to the roots of his friend's hair. There were times when Dud's usually quiet temper could be a terrible and explosive thing.

"That is not enough," Challoner objected, playing desperately for time. "The risk is too great and you are not giving us time enough——"

Abruptly he broke off as he and Dud found themselves looking into the ugly blue snout of a heavy revolver.

"You'll do what I tell you!" The words jerked out from the steel-trap mouth. "Three of us will accompany you and if you fail, we will see to it that you need neither cash nor anything else afterward. If you succeed, my word stands. You see before you the Council of Seven whose plans are part of a greater plan. Everywhere tonight, Germany strikes at the Empire—ships at sea, railway terminals and factories—nothing is beyond our reach. Tomorrow the world will know, and the stupid, conceited British people will know what war means!"

There was a knocking upon the back door, the sound of the dropping bar and the Council of Seven leaped to their feet as the guard came running in.

"My Leader!" he cried. "There are two men out there who say they are Jack Spengler and Harry Rapp! But then—who are these?"

"Ahhh!" said the Leader, smiling grimly as he pressed his trigger finger very slowly. "Who, indeed?"

* * *

AS one man Dud and Tom dived for the protection of the table, the Leader's shots going wildly over their heads and into the wall. Over crashed the table and with it two of the Council of Seven. One clutched at the Leader to save himself and the revolver was jerked from his hand. There were roars of rage and the scraping of chairs as the other members of the Council recovered their scattered wits.

Tom and Dud were on their feet again, eyes blazing, breath coming quickly. Dud's blonde head was like a straw-pile in a high wind while Challoner laughed in sheer joy of battle.

"So the Empire is rotten, is it?" he drawled. "We'll know tomorrow what war is, eh? I don't believe we can wait till tomorrow, *gentlemen!*"

As he dragged out the last word, he knocked the feet out from under the man nearest him and flung himself forward at the Leader. As he did so, the big man picked up his chair, whirling it like a club, and threw it at the plunging figure a split second too late. Tom's head had taken him in the short ribs, his arms about the other's knees, in a perfect tackle that had one hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle behind it, and the two went down in a punching, rolling whirl of legs and fists.

There were more shots now, but the confusion of the general melee was too great for accuracy. Furniture smashed and splintered as chair crashed against against chair. One went flying through a boarded window and the light streamed out into the night. Tom came to his feet, battered and breathless, in time to see Dud, like one gone berserk, pick up Number Seven, a little, ratty man, and fling him shrieking after it. At that moment, from behind the protection of the overturned table, came a vicious spatter of lead and Tom saw his friend turn slowly round in a dazed way and fall forward on his face.

(Please turn to Page 13.)

ED. STAGES A HOLD-UP

By Clyde Cruse

AS photographer and reporter for an Alabama magazine, I made a trip one day last Fall to cover the dedication of a power dam at Tallassee on the Tallapoosa River.

Just outside Birmingham on the Montgomery Highway I came upon two hitchhikers, both young men. One of them signaled for a ride. I stopped, and he got in the front seat. The other man hesitated. Not until I opened the back door and insisted did he decide to get in. He had no bag—only a large paper sack which he placed upon the floor. A short distance farther on I picked up a third man, slightly older, who also got in the back seat.

The front seat rider was a husky young worker who, he told me, operated a steamroller with a highway maintenance crew. He proudly announced that the road we were traversing was some that he had rolled. I was attracted by his manner, and felt definitely guided to share with him something about the reality of God in my life since I had surrendered it to Him.

I had had a strange experience a few nights before—the victory over a lifelong fear that I was going to be robbed and perhaps harmed or killed by a burglar. Sometimes I was terrified by suspicious sounds about the house at night, and on three occasions I had called the police, who found nothing wrong. But with everything associated with me entrusted to God, I was no longer afraid, and lately had imagined that I would acknowledge the presence of any intruder who might come in, bid him welcome, invite him to take what he pleased and warm him with a cup of coffee before sending him out in the night. And a few nights before my trip, on hearing suspicious sounds again, I made up my mind to do just that.

But again there was no burglar.

* * *

About sixty miles down the highway toward Montgomery, two of my passengers got out. The third—he who had hesitated about riding with me at all—moved up into the front seat. As we started off again I asked him what kind of work he did. He said he was unemployed, but would like to learn tree surgery. Immediately it occurred to me to ask him to go to Tallassee with me.

"The Alabama Power Company does quite a bit of reforestation in the interest of flood control," I said, "and there might be an opening for you there." If not, I thought I might be guided into contact with some business man attending the dedication, who would give the boy a job. "Anyway," I added, "you will get a good lunch and I am sure I can get you a ride on to Montgomery."

He pondered the matter, but made no reply. When time came to turn off the highway onto a side road leading to Tallassee, I asked him what he had decided.

"All right," he said suddenly. "I'll go with you."

I asked him his name.

"Jones," he said. I wasn't the least suspicious. Many people are named Jones.

"Mine is Clyde Cruse," I said, offering my hand. He took it.

"Well I'm Ed Jones," he repeated. "You can call me Ed."

"All right, you can call me Clyde," I replied, congratulating myself on having broken down his reserve. But just as I was thinking we were about to become good friends, he casually put his hand under his vest and drew out a shiny automatic.

I glanced at the gun, held in his lap and pointing in my direction. Then I looked into his face. It did not occur to me immediately that he was holding me up. But as he started talking a momentary wave of feeling went over me, more of surprise than of fear. Then I was perfectly calm.

"It's taken me a long time to make up my mind to do this," he said in a rather tense voice. "I—I need some money. I need it bad, and . . ."

What he said from that point was just a jumble in my mind. Something about appreciating my trying to help him. And about his not wanting to hurt me. I took it that he intended to be gentle about it but that I was about to be robbed just the same, and my thoughts started working too rapidly to hear exactly what he said.

In times past I have often thought of what I would do if this ever happened to me, for having hitchhiked a great deal myself I found it hard not to pick up anyone who asked for a ride, regardless of the risk. I had believed that I would simply step on the gas, gaining such speed that the robber would not dare shoot me for fear of causing a wreck and killing himself. Then, I hoped I would be able to talk him out of it. I have since heard of one case in which this has worked—with an amateur, though as my rider was, and not a professional.

But no such thought came to me now. Instead, assuming he intended to take the car and my money, my immediate decision was to let him—not as a robber takes things by force, but to give them to him, as his own, and to tell him that of course there would be no report made to the authorities.

* * *

But as I learned later, he was not holding me up at all. He had planned to, but long before this he had decided that he would not go through with the plan. His difficult decision was whether to reveal to me his intentions, and when he drew the gun it was to confess, believing—on the basis of the love already demonstrated—that I would not report him to the authorities. But not knowing this I was surprised when I heard him saying something about not wanting to do it after all, and that if I would not tell anyone he would like to put the gun away in the car somewhere and go on with me to Tallahassee and back to Birmingham.

"That's all right with me," I said.

He put the gun in the glove compartment and, freely answering my questions as we rode along, told me something of the situation which had driven him to such a desperate means of raising money. I asked him how much he needed, and he said $25.

"I'll give you $25," I said.

"No," he said, "I can't let you do it. I'll get it fixed up somehow."

In a few minutes he said he felt that he had no right to continue in my company. "Maybe I ought to get out and walk back to Birmingham," he mused. "Maybe I ought to crawl back."

From that I saw how sincerely repentent he was, and I said to him:

"It seems to me that, since God has saved you from that sin you were about to commit, you ought to let Him save you from them all. You ought to surrender your life to Him."

"All right, I will," he said.

"Well," I said, "that's all there is to it. If you say that, and mean it, you have done it. You can call it being saved, or converted, or anything you please. It simply amounts to giving yourself to God, giving Him a chance

(Please turn to Page 12.)

Iceland and Greenland

WHEN Germany overran Denmark, British troops were sent to Iceland which would have been an ideal headquarters for Nazi raiders. These British troops having been called back for the defence of the Home Land, some of our Canadian soldiers have taken their place.

Iceland is a most interesting country. It has immense ice fields and no less than 100 volcanoes. In the winter it is subject to wild storms, but the summer is warm and pleasant.

The island has stirring history. About the middle of the 9th century Irish monks settled on the island. After a while came colonists of a different type. King Harold Fair Hair sought to put an end to the feuds of the many "Sea Kings" in Norway by bringing the whole country under his rule. Rather than submit, many adventurers sailed across the stormy seas and established themselves in Iceland.

These Norsemen set up a sort of free republic governed by the Althing, or Parliament. This legislative body still exists. It is probably the oldest parliamentary body in the world.

The greater part of the Norse population remained pagan till about 1000 A.D. when King Olaf of Norway sent missionaries to the island. In 1380 Norway passed under Danish rule and Iceland went with it.

Disturbed conditions in Europe of the 14th and 15th centuries affected the far-off island. Added to political troubles were earthquakes, famines and epidemics. Later on pirates of various nationalities made their headquarters in the Iceland fiords.

The character of the people, brave, hardy and freedom-loving, persisted through their troubles. Iceland has always had a literature of its own. Education is general. The people are great readers.

In 1918 Iceland became a sovereign state united by the crown to Denmark.

Ten years afterwards the Althing voted for complete independence as from 1940 when the Danish pact was due to expire. It is curious that Iceland's independence should have been dated twelve years ago for this fateful year of 1940. The Canadian troops will help the people of Iceland to keep their independence.

We have many Icelandic settlers in Canada. Our North-western provinces owe much to their hardihood and industry. They will be interested in the closer relations between Canada and their island fatherland.

* * *

ACCORDING to certain historians, the Gaspe Peninsula was visited about the 12th century or earlier by Greenlanders and Icelanders, who came to its shores to fish, but who never actually settled on the land.

There are no official records or reliable historic data to indicate that those northerners ever sighted that wild rock-bound coast of the Peninsula prior to the time of its actual discovery by Jacques Cartier, but it is stated that when the St. Malo navigator arrived and met the natives he found that they possessed certain knowledge which they could scarcely have acquired had they not met white men on some previous occasion in the distant past.

Cartier officially discovered Canada and took possession of the country. Neither Greenland nor Iceland claimed prior occupation of the land.—Selected.

Where War Stalked

"Between Namur and Liege."

"What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favorite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it.

—William Wordsworth, 1820.

CANADA AND GREENLAND

WHEN Denmark was seized by the Germans the political and geographical position of Greenland became an acute problem for Canada, for Greenland was a possession of Denmark and depended on Denmark for its supplies, and Greenland lay close to Canada's Atlantic gateway.

The Canadian Government have behaved in neighborly fashion. They have appointed Mr. Kenneth Kirkwood, formerly of the Canadian Legation at the Hague as consul to Greenland and they have despatched the S.S. Nascopie with supplies for the people of that country.

Local Government in Greenland is continuing under the former local authorities. Canada has no desire to interfere in the affairs of her neighbor but, for our own protection, for the sake of the cause we have in hand, and in the interest of the people of Greenland, it is important that the Canadian Government should keep in constant touch with conditions there. It would not do for the enemy to get a footing in the peninsula.

In the last quarter of the 10th century, Greenland was colonized by a notable Norseman, Eric the Red. Eric had settled in Iceland, but felt the urge to explore further west. His son, Lief Ericson and his friend Karlsfeni afterwards reached the American continent.

It is said that Eric called his new home "Greenland" in the hope of attracting colonists. In his time a much greater area of the country was "green" and fertile than at present.

The Norse colony existed for several centuries. Then the Black Death desolated the land and there were civil disorders. One year, it is said, when supply ships came from Norway, they found ice fields cutting them off from the land and covering a great stretch of the country. The colony and its Norse colonists had disappeared.

The present Greenlanders are of Eskimo origin with traces of Danish blood. Foreigners are excluded from settling in the country.

The Greenlanders have local self-government. They export fish, skins and oil. Trade with Greenland has been a monopoly of the Danish crown. That is, the Danish Government has furnished the people with supplies, taking their products in exchange.

Greenland was Christianized largely through the work of Hans Egede, a Norwegian missionary in the early 1700's.

Greenland has been a jumping-off place for Arctic exploration, all the great explorers having touched there before penetrating into the northern wastes.

Intercourse between Canada and Greenland has begun in friendly fashion. As the present spirit of co-operation continues, it will be to the advantage of both countries and their peoples.

Future Leaders of a Great Country

From the Bulletin of the National Christian Council of China.

THREE years ago, in 1937, there were 45,000 college and university students in the 114 colleges and universities of China,—a very precious little group upon whom China was counting for the future leadership of her 450 million people.

Because trained leadership is so desperately needed for the large-scale technical development now taking place in interior China because it will be so needed after this struggle is finished, and because reconstruction and cultural advance are major emphases of the Chinese Government, the maintenance of the colleges and universities is regarded as of prime importance. The financial grants towards their support are kept up, and students and teachers are exempted—almost, in fact, excluded!—from military service.

China feels that her chief shortage is not fighting men, but educated leadership. If students want to serve their country, they are asked to continue their studies, and, in vacation time, to go out to render emergency service: in relief work, first aid, or in political education and organization of the masses.

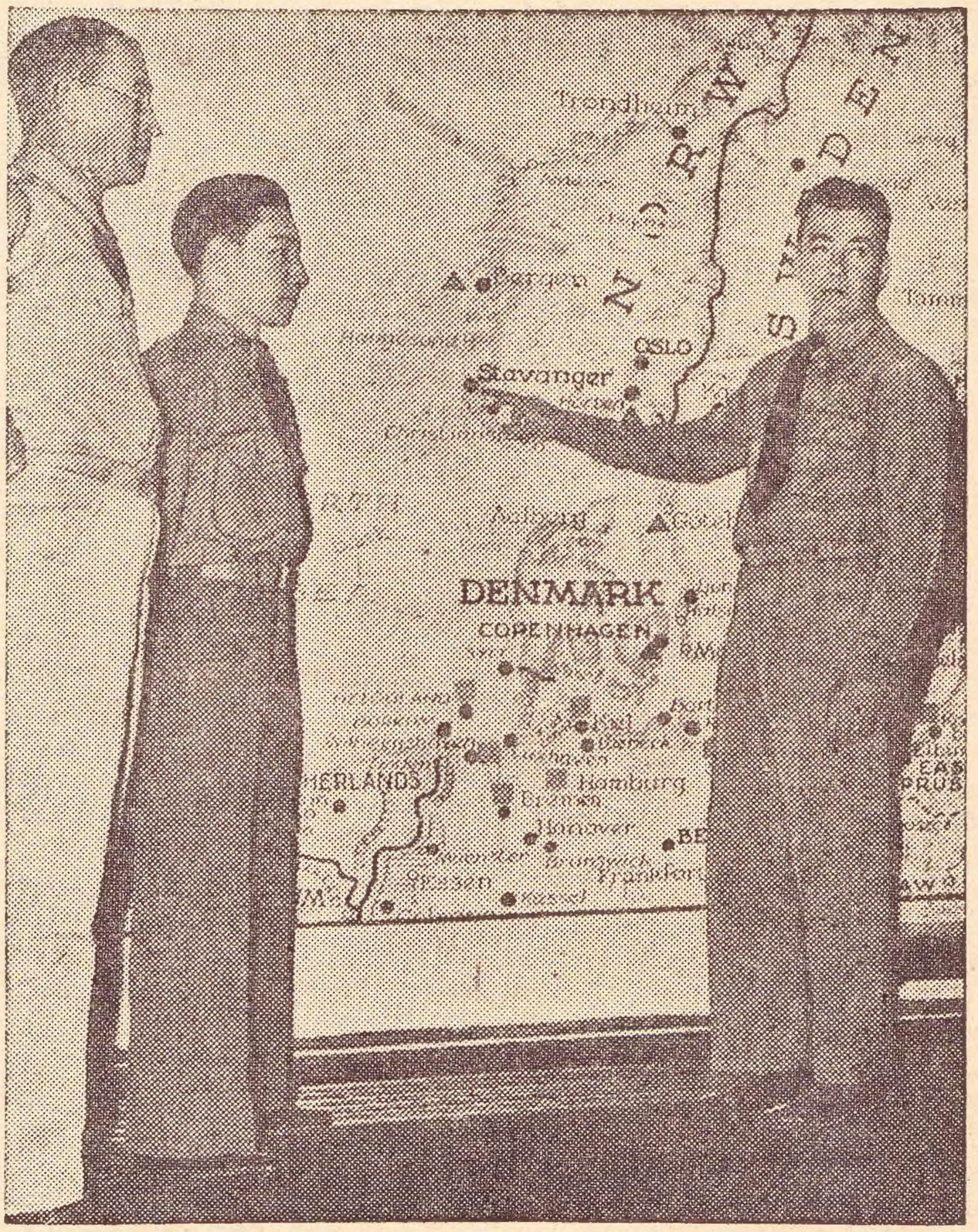
Nevertheless, despite this policy of the Government, the student population has been cut down by a third. Today there are only some 30,000 students enrolled in the colleges and universities. Only eight of the original 114 colleges and universities are still able to carry on work on their pre-war campuses, (The Japanese have endeavored to destroy all centres of learning and culture in China).

An American Student in Chna, Paul Moritz, after 14 weeks of visiting among some 15 universities and dozens of middle schools in Shanghai and Free China says that he is immediately impressed by the friendliness and attractiveness of Chinese students. He says:

"In temperament and outlook, in sense of humor and interest, in many other little ways, Chinese students strike me as being very like us American students."

A second impression is the way they work! They have no leisure, and he is staggered to see that all their technical subjects must be taken in a foreign language. Then, in addition, he says:

"They are required now to take military work and physical education in addition to their regular work. They carry this load cheerfully and actually find time to render service work among the people during vacation time.



The son of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek (the central figure) receiving instruction at a military school.

"This cheerfulness and courage in the face of uncertainty and suffering is my third impression. Everywhere, in schools where malaria was raging, or other diseases were very prevalent, where bombers had come, or were likely to come, where clothing and food were inadequate, or where evacuation was imminent, I felt little bitterness or discouragement on the part of the student or faculty. Almost everywhere I was told, 'We are unafraid. We are confident of the future.' "

The people back of the students. Paul Moritz says: "In every city and village we saw the wreckage of bombing, and in every city, amid that wreckage, we heard the ringing of hammers as the people patiently began the rebuilding and development of a new China."

On all sides he saw evidences of great ore and mineral deposits.

"Rivers and mountains showed potentialities of lumber, stone, electric power. And on all sides we saw innumerable people who could be trained to develop these riches.

"At the same time, I was impressed . . . by the fact that these developments were being begun in the midst of war! . . . Here a new bridge, . . . here new roads, or a new factory or mine. Here a new school . . . and over here students and doctors working among the people. Here we saw farmers reading books . . . and here we heard children singing the new songs of China . . ."

(See "Canadian Dollars for China" on another page.)

His Angle

Pat joined the engineers and was learning bridge-building. At a single plank Pat paused, doubtfully.

"What's the matter, Pat," said the instructor, "afraid to walk on it?"

"No," replied Pat; "I'm not afraid to walk on it. What I'm afraid of is walking off it."

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JULY 5, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.—Ps. 144:15.

Mon. : He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.

Tue. : Ye shall be my people and I will be your God.—Jer. 30:22.

Wed. : We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.—Ps. 100:3.

Thu. : God hath not cast away His people.—Rom. 11:2.

Fri. : They shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God.—Rev. 21:3.

Sat. : Hear, O My people.—Ps. 50:7.

"Fidelity in small things is at the base of every achievement."

We make friends by being a friend.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

We are most of us very lonely in this world; you, who have any who love you, cling to them and thank God.—Sel.

Do not be troubled because you do not have great virtues, only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.—Henry Ward Beecher.

COURAGE

GOD'S comfort will never leave a soul weaker, never enclose it in a shell of self-contentment and immunity from pain in a pain-racked world.

Christ in you is courage to face without flinching whatever may befall; Christ in you is peace in the midst of strife; Christ in you is calmness and self-command in all vicissitudes and perils, and in the face of death itself.

As Lord Hugh Cecil said at the beginning of the war, What does it matter if we are killed? It cannot be a disaster to him to whom to live is Christ and to die is gain.

Pray that Christ will so possess your heart that you do not fail Him in any fiery trial wherewith you may be tried, and He will certainly answer you according to your faith and according to your need.

Long ago I saw a broken roadside cistern with no water in it. But the spring that should have fed it was there underneath all the time. O Christian soul full of doubts and fears, what you can't do Christ can—Christ in you, a well of water springing up into everlasting life.—Mathetes.

You surrender a dear friend at the call of death and out of his grave the real power of friendship rises stronger and more eternal in your life.—Phillips Brooks.

"Over our hearts and into our lives
Shadows will sometimes fall;
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,
And Heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all."

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love.—Richard Brooks.

A Child's Prayer

Last night my little boy confess'd to me
Some childish wrong;
And kneeling at my knee
He pray'd with tears;—
Dear God, make me a man,
Like Daddy—wise and strong;
I know You can.

Then while he slept
I knelt beside his bed,
Confess'd my sins,
And prayed with low-bow'd head:
O God, make me a child,
Like my child here—
Pure, guileless, trusting Thee
With faith sincere.

—*The Expositor.*

SEARCHINGS OF HEART

And didst Thou die for this, O Son of Man,
For this poor bleeding earth?
To set men free? Surely Thy death was vain!
For Thou didst live, and die, and rise again
To save their souls who still lie bound in pain,
And poverty, and dearth.

And is it not a mockery that Thou
Wast called the Prince of Peace,
When still, though centuries have rolled along,
Justice must fight again the scourge of wrong;
Nations awake once more to battle-song,
And warfare doth not cease?

But, stay! The fault lies at my own barred door;
For, if 'twere open wide,
Long years ago Thou wouldst have entered in
And banished far the crowding thoughts
Blind hatred, and the lust for worldly gain,
And selfishness, and pride.

Come then, Lord Jesus (time for none will stay),
Enter this heart of mine;
Plant there Thy Cross—that he who looks may see
That in this Sign alone is victory;
No other peace can set Thy children free
But Thy great Love divine. —R.E.S.

INTERCESSION

HOLD the sense of God's immediate Presence for intercession, remembering that true intercession is a linking of others with Him.

Pray for all we love, near and far, that they may live in the presence of Christ throughout this year.

Pray for all who endure distress and hardship in all lands.

Pray for those who serve lonely and perilous posts of duty: lighthouse and lightship men; those on guard duty, wiring parties and all manner of patrols; anti-aircraft crews; lifeboatmen and fishermen.

Make thoughtful intercession for all who are feeling the strain of this time of war: in responsible positions, on active service, in business, in the home; praying that their strength fail not.

For those anxious and tried in the "neutral" countries.

For Christians in Germany who are trying to see God's way in the storm, and for those in Russia who still cherish faith in God.—Sel.

Young People's Bible Reading

A Good Man Wins Through

by BEREAN

For Sunday
JULY 14, 1940.
Job 14:13-17;
17:13-16; 19:23-29

IF you can read the Book of Job at a sitting you will appreciate the majestic sweep of the poem all the more. If you can't manage this, read it in several installments.

If you have access to the R.V. or some other edition of the Bible where poetic passages are printed in verse form all the better. But even printed in the ordinary way it is magnificent. Here and there you will find lines difficult to understand, but don't worry about these.

We have often spoken about the lovely word-pictures to be found in the Bible. The Book of Job is peculiarly rich in these little windows through which we look into the ancient Eastern world.

To begin to understand the Book we must remember that though the early Jewish people had a strong sense of right and wrong they believed that reward and punishment would be administered in this life.

Such conception of immortality as they possessed was of "Sheol" (translated "hell" or "the grave" in our English versions). To them the after life was a state or place of dim shadowy existence.

They were in God's "kindergarten", not able as yet to take in the glad faith of an "eternal life", a "life more abundant".

Job's Distress

LAST week we left Job seated on his rubbish-heap outside the city and his friends sitting with him in silent sorrow and sympathy.

At last his silence broke out in bitter complaint. Do not blame Job too severely. As we shall see later, God did not blame him any more than a surgeon would blame a suffering patient. When he lost his children and his property and was himself smitten with disease it must have seemed to him that the very foundations of heaven and earth were moved and that the universe, as he and his fathers had known it, was collapsing around him.

His friends answer him. "The writer . . . represents the three friends, not as a weaker person would have represented them, as foolish, obstinate bigots, but as wise, humane, and almost great men, who at the outset, at least, are animated only by the kindest feelings, and speak what they have to say with the most earnest conviction that it is true. Job is vehement, desperate, reckless. His language is the wild outpouring of suffering. The friends . . . are grave, solemn, and indignant, preaching their half-truth, and mistaken only in supposing that it is the whole." (J. A. Froude)

For all its simplicity, it is a stately life that is lived by these patriarchs in the land of Uz. For the young there are rounds of feasting on ceremonial days. . . . The old too have their days of observance, marked by solemnity and ritual offerings. As brothers and sisters are in the world of youth, so in mature life is the relationship of friends.

Life in this land of Uz is a life of poetry. . . . The floating literature of oral speech, in which the foundations of the world's poetry were gradually fashioned, is here seen in full sway. . . And the things of everyday nature make imagery for the poem: the rush, the flag, the spider leaning on his web, the flower cut down, the fallen tree, the landslip, the water wearing the stones. . . .

Above all, the life of the patriarchs is full of God. . . . Throughout the whole work there is no mention of idols; the only false religion the most daring impiety can conceive is to offer homage to the fairest works of the Creator in the lights of heaven. . . . The Divine presence fills the universe. It is the Divine hand that stretcheth out the north over empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. And at times there is a more awful sense of His nearness.

For the Tempest is the Presence passing through the startled earth. . . . The craving to enter into that Presence is for Job religious ecstasy.—Dr. Richard G. Moulton,

Job's friends, like many good people, have a system into which they must fit everything. They know that God rewards the good and punishes the wicked. God has sent afflictions on Job therefore, they say, Job must be wicked. If he will only repent God will forgive him.

Much of what they say is very true. Some of it is very beautiful. But it has nothing to do with Job's case and there is nothing in it of sympathy or help.

Job does not claim perfection but, honestly examining his conscience, he cannot see why God has singled him out for such heavy judgments. And looking out on the world he sees other just men suffer. What is the meaning of it all?

Then his friends grow angry,—again like many good people who find their views questioned.

No longer content with accusing Job in general terms they charge him with specific sins of which he is quite innocent. Added to this they declare that this most sincere man is a hypocrite.

"Though he slay me—"

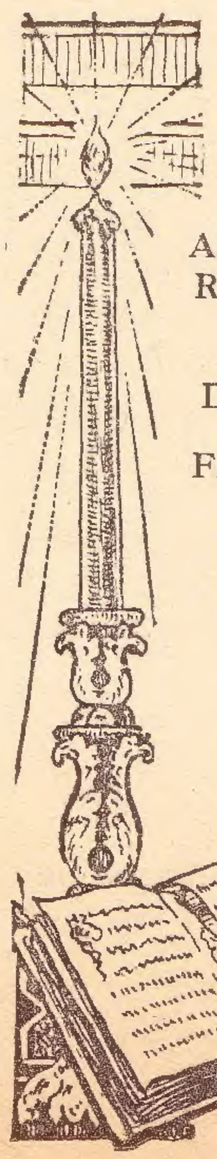
JOB'S faith has been trembling, but this very lack of charity and of understanding on the part of his friends drives him to God. Yet in his perplexity he has never lost his faith in God's goodness.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

Like his contemporaries, he has but a dim apprehension of the life after death. (14:1-12) But he feels somehow that God's hostility to him will not be permanent. (14:13-17) Perhaps God will shelter him in Sheol till His displeasure be overpast. Then he can have fellowship with God again.

That thou wouldst appoint me a set time and remember me!
If a man die, shall he live again?
All the days of my warfare would I wait,
Till my release should come,
Thou shouldst call, and I would answer thee:
Thou wouldst have a desire to the work of thine hands. (R.V.)

(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse

As for me I know that my Redeemer liveth. —Job19:25.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From July 8 to July 14, 1940.

Mon.—Job 14:7-17
Tue.—Job 17:11-16
Wed.—Job 19:23-29
Thu.—I Cor. 15:35-44
Fri.—John 5:19-25
Sat.—I Tim. 6:11-16
Sun.—Psalm 16:5-11

Thanks Just the Same

C. HOMER HOUSE

I would be courteous, as you are anxious to be kind;
I only ask that you respect my attitude of mind.
True appetites are based upon an elemental reason;
This flagellation of the nerves betrays a sort of treason.

The Summer grass is green enough, the smiling stars will shine,
Without the stimulation of your proffered glass of wine.
My palate tells me bread is bread, and needs no foreign savor,
And water quenches thirst without the artificial flavor.

If my declining should seem crude and boorish and unfit,
I'm sorry, but you'll even have to make the most of it.
Are not the mountains grand enough by their inherent beauty,
That I must whip my jaded eyes to do their sacred duty?

I'll try to worry through my term of years from birth to death
Without the prodded pulses and the slightly soured breath.
I do not care to throw away the core and eat the rind:
Your well-meant offer's firmly and decidedly declined.

—*'Advance'*

* * *

To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.—William Austin.

If we command our wealth we shall be rich and free; if our wealth commands us we are poor indeed.—Burke.

A GOOD MAN

(Continued from Page 7.)

"God would number his steps in kindly care. (cp. 'the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' He would no longer treasure up his sin against him, but would hide it away out of sight." (Dummelow on vv. 16, 17)

"MY WITNESS IS IN HEAVEN"

JOB'S distress presses upon him more and more, but with it more and more clearly comes the conviction that God will undertake his cause.

Even now, behold, my witness is in heaven,
And he that vouchest for me is on high. (16:19 R.V.)

"Job moves forward in this speech (16:1-17:16) to the great thought that after he is dead, God will clear his reputation of the stain placed upon it by his disasters, which seemed to the world to prove his guilt." (Dummelow)

If I hope, Sheol is my house
I have spread my couch in the darkness.
Where now is my hope?
And as for my hope, who shall see it?
It shall go down to the bars of Sheol,
When once there is rest in the dust.
(R.V. and marg.)

Bars of the pit,—Bars of Sheol—Gates of the world of the dead.

"Since God alone can or will clear his honor (for man can not and will not) he is assured that God . . . will at last vindicate him." (Dummelow)

Gradually Job's doubts "pass away in the brave certainty that God is not less just than man. As the denouncings grow louder and darker, he appeals from his narrow judges to the Supreme Tribunal, calls on God to hear him and to try his cause. And then, in the strength of this appeal his eye grows clearer still. (He believes that) . . . death is near, but the intense feeling that justice must and will be done holds him closer and closer." (Froude)

"FOR I KNOW——"

SOONER or later, he is sure, God will appear on earth to clear his name, while he too, though his body has been destroyed, shall wake in another life and shall see God. (19:23-27)

Oh that my words were now written!
Oh that they were inscribed in a book!
That with an iron pen and lead
They were graven in the rock for ever!
But I know that my Vindicator liveth
And that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth:
And after my skin hath thus been destroyed
Yet without my flesh I shall see God
Whom I shall see for myself,
And mine eyes shall behold and not another. (R.V. and margin)

Handel brings this passage grandly into "The Messiah." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The phrase is repeated over and over again, expressing the Christian certainty.

My reins are consumed.—An expression to indicate great emotion. Job almost faints in the thrill of the conviction that has come to him of God's fair dealing. He tells his friends that it is they who have persecuted him with their words, who have need to fear God's judgment.

God understands. His ways for us, however hard they may seem at times, are wiser than we could choose of ourselves. It is in the darkness that God brings out the stars—those stars which Job loved so many thousands of years ago and which still gleam in our skies,

—the Bear, Orion and the Pleiades
And the chambers of the south.
(9:9 R.V.)

Had Job's happy, prosperous life continued without a break, without a cloud on his horizon, he would never have been driven so close to God, he would never have gained for us and for himself the assurance of a life after death when all puzzles shall be explained and all wrongs righted.

With him the hope of immortality was only a gleam, but through God it was to "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

It was so with the Jews. After their return from Babylon they did not find things as bright as they had hoped. They too were driven closer to God and won help for themselves and for us. Not only did faith in immortality dawn in their hearts, but in their distress they gained assurance that God would send His Messiah to bring about "the restitution of all things."

For as they saw and as Job saw, there is something greater and grander than even the assurance of immortality. It is faith in God as our Father, our Saviour, our abiding Friend and Helper.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth,

* * *

Whom I shall see for myself
And mine eyes shall behold, and not another

—or as in R.V. margin:
Whom I shall see on my side
And mine eyes shall behold not as a stranger.

QUESTIONS

1. "Thou wilt have a desire——" Complete the verse.
2. What does Job mean by "For now thou numberest my steps"?
3. What does he mean by "My transgression is sealed up in a bag"?
4. "If I wait the grave is my house." What did Job mean?
5. "For I know——" Complete the verse.
6. "Yet in my flesh (or apart from my flesh)——" Complete the verse.
7. "Whom I shall see——" Complete the verse.
8. What great things did Job gain through his sufferings?

COURTEOUS SCOUT

By 'Yarn-Spinner'

For the Messenger.

(Concluded)

PEOPLE were pouring from every door in the street, men were shouting and women and children screaming. The explosion had wrecked the wire conduits so the electric lights were out and the scene was only lighted by the flames from the burning station.

The sidewalks were strewn with fallen bricks, woodwork and broken glass.

Pete dashed through the open door and up the smoke-filled stairs. The house was in darkness, except for the leaping flames opposite.

"Helfen! Oh! helfen!" (Help! oh! Help!) screamed a woman's voice, while children's voices added a piercing accompaniment.

Pete burst open the door of the living room in which he had been entertained a few days previously.

Old Mr. Levinson lay upon the floor. The window frame which had been blown in lay across his body. The young woman was frantically trying to release the old man while the frightened children clung to her.

Another shattering explosion came from across the way and a great tongue of flame threatened them through the broken window.

Pete tugged and lifted and was able to get the old man clear. Then giving him the 'fireman's lift' he bore him to the stairs.

Too late! Suffocating smoke poured up as through a funnel and through the smoke he caught sight of the flames which had caught the lower stairs.

Staggering back into the passage he made for the rear of the house, the woman following him swiftly with the frightened children.

Pete found himself on a gallery which ran along the rear of the house.

To his relief the flames had not yet reached the back.

A number of men had scaled the back fence and were shouting contradictory orders to each other. A stout clothesline stretched from the gallery-post to a pulley on the shed opposite. Pete's scout-knife was out in a moment.

The woman saw his purpose. As he offered her the rope she put it from her and pressed the baby into Pete's arms. Fastening the child up in his overcoat, Pete made a bowline round the living bundle and lowered it to the waiting hands below.

"Don't be scared, little chap!" he cried to the small boy. The crying stopped and the little fellow even laughed as he was being swung down.

The woman refused to descend before her father, but helped Pete bravely in lifting the unconscious old man and lowering him to the men in the yard.

Then came the job of lowering the woman. Pete had made one end of his rope fast to an iron stanchion. He braced his foot against the gallery-post and prayed that it might not give while he lowered hand over hand.

Smoke by this time had swept in blinding clouds over the yard but a shout went up and Pete knew that his friends were saved!

He prepared to descend but as he did so flames shooting from the lower windows caught the end of the gallery. A rush of smoke overcame him and he sank back senseless.

As he "went out" he heard the scream of sirens and the clang of bells. A great shout went up from the crowd. The Fire Brigade had arrived. A fire-ladder was planted against the gallery. Pete was borne down in the sturdy arms of a fireman and the yard cleared just before the whole house crashed to the ground.

Pete came to himself in his own bed. He had received a few cuts and bruises and one hand was rather severely burned. But with his arm in a sling he was at school the next day. Tony would have made a hero of him, but he made light of his adventure.

On enquiry he found that the Levinsons had been taken to some friends in another part of the city. His informant couldn't tell him where.

* * *

It was two weeks before Dominion Day. Pete had looked forward to camp more than anything else since he joined the troop. He had saved every penny he could scrape up till he had $15 in the bank. Just enough for the camping period. But here, just two weeks before the great day, it looked as if he was to be disappointed.

The burn on his hand had not healed; instead it had suddenly become worse, the inflammation had spread up his arm and a swelling had developed under his shoulder. Dr. Jones called in by Pete's parents said it was blood-poisoning; the wound must somehow have become infected.

Pete turned and tossed on his bed. The sun glinted in through the blinds. Wouldn't it be fine out in the woods?

Mike Sullivan called on his way home from work.

"Oh! by the way, Pete," he said. "I met your old friend Mr. Levinson last night. He has been in hospital. He was asking after you and was very sorry to hear that you were ill."

There was a ring at the door. Pete's mother answered it. Dr. Jones came into the room.

He felt Pete's pulse and took his temperature. "Too bad there'll be no camping, Pete. I know how you feel, but 'A Scout smiles and whistles', you know."

Pete liked Dr. Jones and smiled, though he felt that 'whistling' just now was a little beyond him.

The doctor took a little phial of pellets from his case.

"I'm changing Pete's medicine, Mrs. Webber," he said.

"How is he getting on, doctor?" Mrs. Webber asked as she accompanied him into the passage.

"There's nothing to be alarmed about," answered the doctor, "but his temperature is certainly a little higher this morning. Give him the medicine regularly. I shall be in again this evening."

The bell rang again. Mrs. Webber, excusing herself, left the doctor in the hall and opened the door.

The doctor heard someone ask,

"Is this Mrs. Webber? And how is that goot leetle boy of yours?"

Dr. Jones started at the voice. His eyes lighted in recognition as they rested on the man at the door.

"Reuben Levinson!" he exclaimed. "Do you remember me at Vienna, thirty years ago. I have heard much about you since!"

Levinson's eyes beamed happily through his spectacles.

"It is the goot Thomas Jones," he said, "Yes, we have seen much since those old days."

And then, "You are attending the leetle boy,—I did not know. I thought perhaps I could help. Might I assist you?"

"I would feel honored," said Dr. Jones.

Then, turning to Mrs. Webber, he said, "Professor Levinson is one of the greatest authorities on anti-toxins in the world. He has not only studied in Europe and America, but has learned much in Asia and Africa."

They went back to the sick boy. Levinson examined him.

"I will bring you something that will do you goot," he said. His very voice and the hand which he laid on Peter's fevered forehead made the lad feel better.

The two doctors left the house together. "I did not know you were in Canada," said Dr.. Jones.

"Like most of my people who could escape, I left Austria with my daughter and her children," said Levinson. "We fear her husband is dead."

(Please turn to Page 10.)

DEAR CHUMS,—

Across the sea in England and in stricken France, Belgium and Holland are thousands and thousands of children who either have been driven out of their homes by German bombs or have been sent away from home by wise parents who knew they would be safer in some far-off country place.

But now with the increased danger of air-raids, no part of the British Isles is really safe. And children and sick people are really in the way of the soldiers, besides needing food and care, all of which is an extra burden to the British Government.

So the government and people of Canada have invited these little "refugees" to come to Canada and stay with us until the war is over. Many have also been invited by our neighbors the people of the United States.

It will not be an easy task to find just the right homes for each and all of these children. Families will have to pray a great deal for God's guidance to be able to choose just the children who will be happy with them and whom they will be able to understand and help the most. It must be remembered that these children have been frightened by all their strange experiences and in some cases have had to part from mother, father, brothers or sisters, and they will be very lonely. Their new "parents" and "brothers and sisters" can help them very much by being loving and kind and friendly —not asking curious questions or making fun of them in any way. Just take them in and treat them like the family and let them help along in whatever work you do. If their mothers can come with them, so much the better. You will have gained a new auntie!

Now I must say goodbye for this week, but don't forget about writing your Dominion Day letters; there is a handsome Maple Leaf Badge waiting for you.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I was very interested to read about the Dominion Day Contest and would love to win a Maple Leaf Badge. I will try to write down "What Dominion Day means to me" and see if it seems good enough to send in.

My Grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist, and we have always been very proud and glad to live in Canada.

I have four brothers and one little sister. For a while we thought I was going to be the only girl in the family and then little Patsy came along. So now there are the two of us. Patsy is four years younger than I am. Three of my brothers are older than I am and one is a year and a half younger. His name is Lionel. The others are Harold and Martin and James. James is the eldest. He is going to join the air force.

Well, I will close now and try to write again. With best wishes to the Editors of the Chums' Page and hopes that they will get many letters on Dominion Day. A new Chum,—Edna Meredith, Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—Here comes another pal from far Newfoundland to join your interesting page. My home is at a small settlement of about fifty people about thirty miles from St. Anthony. We have had a school for five years now; this year we had a new teacher. His name is Mr. Carroll and we like him very much; I am five feet 7 inches tall with brown hair, blue eyes and weigh about 125 lbs. My birthday is March 22nd.

My favorite hobbies are swimming, rowing and snowshoe racing, as well as other winter sports. Will Chums please write me and I will answer them. I am your new Chum,—Inga Simms.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—A long while ago I started a letter to this Page and did not get it finished. Then I kept putting off finishing it until the letter was away out of date, so it never got sent. That was a warning to me about putting things off. I wonder if any of you, chums, have ever done the same thing?

Now I will tell you something about myself as I see most of the chums do, and I will try to make it interesting! I am an orphan; that is, I have no mother or father living. I live with my aunt and uncle who have been very good to me. Uncle Arthur is lots of fun. He drives a truck for a big company and delivers all sorts of things from pianos to pedigreed dogs!

We live about a mile and a half from a little town in Ontario and about 20 miles from the city of Kingston. Uncle Arthur does quite a lot of business in Kingston.

I have been living here ever since I was two years old, when my father and mother were killed in a train accident. So I don't remember my parents at all. Aunt Ethel says my mother was very nice looking, so I hope I can grow up to be like her.

Well, chums, I am looking forward to the summer as I suppose you all are. I hope somebody will write to me. (I will be thirteen in August.) Your loving Chum,—Ethel Varnay.

This Week's Star Correspondent

ETHEL VARNAY

Honorable Mention

EDNA MEREDITH

COURTEOUS SCOUT

(Continued from Page 9.)

Then a smile broke through the gravity of his face.

"You are wondering, my friend," he said, "why I am not a stylish doctor as once I was. But many of our people are poor. I live among them and help them. I know you do the same for many poor people. As that leetle boy says, 'A Scout doesn't take anything for doing a good turn'."

Under the care of Dr. Jones, reinforced by special medicines prepared by Professor Levinson, Pete made a surprisingly quick recovery. Greatly to his delight he was in perfect condition for Dominion Day camping.

* * *

Professor Levinson, late of Prague, Vienna and Cairo was telling the Scouts at a Camp-fire that week-end of his adventures in research work in various out-of-the-way places in the world.

"Nearly everywhere," he said, "I have found Scouts. In Europe—at least in free Europe, for the dictators do not allow them,—in Egypt, in South Africa, in India, in Iraq, in Palestine, in China. I have met Scouts of every race, of every complexion, of every class. And one thing I love. Everywhere,—especially to people who are weak, or helpless or poor, the Scouts are like the knights of old, 'A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS'."

A Castle By the Sea

"I BET you're too old to dig!" It was a challenge, and I responded instantly.

Picking up the wooden spade lying close at hand, I began making the sand fly in first-class style. Under the pitiless sun which struck full upon the back of my neck, I toiled like one of the Israelites of old, and I was not weary in well doing till the two rascals and I had raised one of the tallest, proudest, and most symmetrical castles on the shore.

It was hard work beating the sides till they were smoothly rounded, the heap rising like a cone above the deep trench into which Charlie poured water.

I said unto him, "Fill another bucket from the pond," and he filled it; and I said, "Do it a second time," and he did it a second time. And I said, "Do it a third time," and he said, "Oh, blow! Let's put Adrian's flag on it."

So we did, and bravely it fluttered in the battle and the breeze, all the boys and girls thereabouts looking at it with envy—which pleased the three of us very much.

Then we threw ourselves down—we three fine fellows, Charlie and Donald and I. But we were hot with our hard work, and tired, too. So I strode across the crowded shore, and demanded three cornets from an ice-cream vendor; and when I paid for them I returned unto the waiting two, who greeted me with loud cheers, the possibility of my buying three cornets for myself never entering their heads.

Picture us, therefore, lolling behind our sand-castle—of which we were still inordinately proud—and licking ice-cream cornets.

You must know that I had never before set eyes on these rascals. Only by chance had I appropriated a square yard of sand close to their pitch, and there I had immediately knocked up an acquaintance with Charlie and and Donald, discovering that they were among a party of twenty-five city urchins who had been brought to the seaside for a day. The other twenty-three, it appeared, had gone at their own expense for a sail in the Sea Witch.

"We're saving our money," Charlie had told me; but before I had been able to ask why, Donald had butted in with the mad challenge: "I bet you're too old to dig."

Lying there in the sun (cooking in a slow oven, it seemed), I said: "And who's Adrian?"

"My big brother," replied Charlie, who was seven.

"Yes," said Donald. "He's twelve, he is."

"Quite an old man," I murmured.

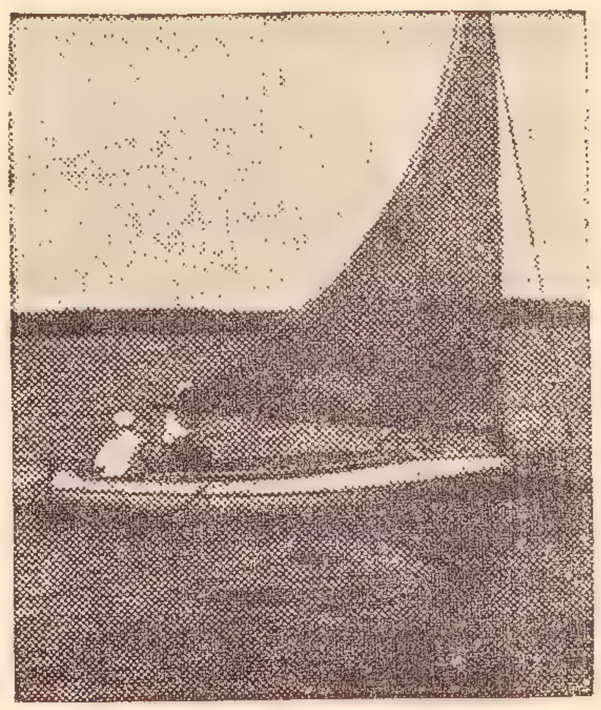
"How long has he been shaving?"

"It's him we're saving our money for," Donald informed me ungrammatically.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. We've got sixpence each to spend, and we're spending threepence each, and buying Adrian some rock candy with what's left. It'll have the name right through."

"And why hasn't Adrian come on this trip?"



"Oh, he couldn't. Father's only just got work this week, the first time for two years, so he had to go; and mother's very poorly with washing floors, and her back; and there's Betty (she's five, and can't be left, you see, because she's a bit funny, and doesn't always know what she's doing), so Adrian had to stay behind, see?

"He wanted to come, and he would have done if father had been off work; and he was looking forward to coming, but he pretended he didn't mind. He gave us the flag that somebody had given him for being good; and he asked us to put it on a sand-castle for him. So we have done—and, goodness, you didn't half help, did you?"

Before me rose a vision of a little hero of a down-town neighbourhood; and as I parted with a piece of silver I asked Donald and Charlie to tell Adrian it was from a friend who had seen his flag flying, and had saluted it.—Methodist Recorder, London.

Impossible

Pat, the new gardener, gazed at the shallow basin containing water on the lawn. "What's that for?" he asked the housewife.

"That's a bird bath," he was informed.

"Now don't be a-foolin' me. What is it really?"

"A bird bath. Don't you believe me?"

"No," declared Pat with a shake of his head. "I don't believe there's a bird alive what can tell Saturday from any other night."

"Likee Speech?"

Sitting next to a Chinese at a public dinner and wanting to be sociable, a guest began: "Likee soupee?"

There was no reply—just a genial smile.

The guest tried again: "Likee fishee?"

Another smile.

Then the Chinese stood up to acknowledge a toast, which he did in perfect English.

When he resumed his seat he asked his would-be sociable neighbor: "Likee speech?"

The Magic of the Woods

ALFRED I. TOOKE

I think I like the woods the best, for in them magic dwells.
A rustle in the bushes of some hidden presence tells.
It could have been a squirrel, but you cannot see one, so
It might have been a fairy flitting past! You never know!

You see a sudden movement in the tapestry of green,
Was it a jay that hopped from sight before it could be seen?
It might have been a robin—or a broken twig that fell;
Or it might have been a fairy! You can never, never tell.

You find a little winding trail that leads you know not where.
It could have been some tiny padded feet that made it there;
But all is still and silent, and there's quite a bit of doubt,
So it might be where the fairies walk, when nobody's about!

I think I like the woods the best, for you can never tell
Just when you might see fairies in a sunshine-speckled dell;
For though I've never quite been just in time to see them there,
I'm sure the woods are simply full of fairies everywhere.

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

ED'S HOLD-UP

(Continued from Page 3.)

to show you what His will is for you, and doing it."

"I mean it," he said simply.

"Let's ride on awhile. There's plenty of time."

His attention brought back to the gun by that incident, the boy suddenly wondered aloud what he would do with it. "Maybe I can sell it and get a little something for it," he said. He was thinking again about that money he needed.

"I don't know whether you should do that or not," I said.

"I don't either," he said. "Maybe I ought to throw it away."

"I think you ought," I said.

"All right," he agreed. "I'll throw it in the river."

We were approaching Wetumpka, where the Coosa River crosses the highway. When we reached there, I stopped the car and got out. Ed followed, tying securely the straps of a new holster around the automatic. He had just paid $2.50 for the holster the day before. Stepping to the rail, he flung it as far as he could out over the water, and we watched it make a splash when it struck near the centre of the stream.

* * *

We stood there a few minutes, saying nothing, his arm upon my shoulder, mine across his back. Presently I remarked:

"You know, if you had not done what you have done today, you might have jumped off a bridge like this yourself some day."

"I just thought the same thing," he said. "As that gun hit the water, I thought, 'That might have been my body.'"

As we left the rail he turned to me. "You'll forgive me, won't you," he asked.

"Of course," I said. "I've already forgiven you. And more important than that, God forgives you, too—not only for what you were about to do today, but for everything else you ever did."

As he smiled I added: "You're God's man from now on."

We got back in the car and started off, and then he did his praying. Putting his head down on the window of the car, he prayed silently as we rode along for about ten minutes. When he sat up and wiped his eyes, I saw an entirely different expression on his face—complete release from the moodiness and worry that had been evident during the early part of the ride.

We talked, then, about what it means to be a Christian, and he shared freely with me other things from his life. I shared with him some from mine, including the sin which—like his sin of dishonesty—had made me see how rotten I was, how much I needed God, and finally led to my surrendering my life to Him.

* * *

During the day we were just like old friends. Ed helped me handle my cameras as I made the pictures. We laughed and joked as we ate lunch together. On the way home we picked up several riders who were going short distances, and finally one who was going to Chattanooga. I questioned him and learned that he had no place to stay in Birmingham that night, and it was getting late. He planned to try and catch a ride on out that night, he said. I knew this would be difficult, and wanted to take him home with me, but it so happened that I was not going to be at home that night myself.

Presently, after several minutes of silence, Ed turned to the boy and said: "You can go home with me, if you want to. I have a double bed. You can sleep with me." The boy readily accepted.

I took them both to Ed's house. As I started to leave, Ed said:

"You don't know what a change I've had today."

"I think I do," I smiled. Arranging to see him again in a few days at the place where he worked (he really had a job after all, and his name was not Ed Jones), I drove away.

When I saw him again he was still smiling and happy. His guest, he said, had had only twenty-five cents in his pocket, and when he left next morning for Chattanooga, "Ed" had added a half-dollar to it.

* * *

Thus in less than twenty-four hours God had changed him from a potential criminal, out to take something from someone else by force to a helpful Christian anxious to meet someone else's need.—New Witness.

A Moist Welcome

A few days ago a company of soldiers was transferred from the East to sunny California—arriving in the midst of the rainy season.

The commander of the company, making a night tour of the camp, was challenged by a sentry who had been standing at his post for two hours in a driving rain.

"Who's there?" called the sentry.

"Friend," replied the C.O.

"Welcome to our mist," said the sentry.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. "Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thy hands."
2. That God took care of him, even watching over his steps.
3. That God would put away his sins.
4. That he would wait in the other world till God would make things clear.
5. "For I know that my Redeemer liveth."
6. "Yet in my flesh (or apart from my flesh) shall I see God."
7. "Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another."
8. He gained assurance of a life beyond the grave. And he learned to trust God whatever happened.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Sunday Magazine
Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

INTERDENOMINATIONAL
See further description elsewhere

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SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in C/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

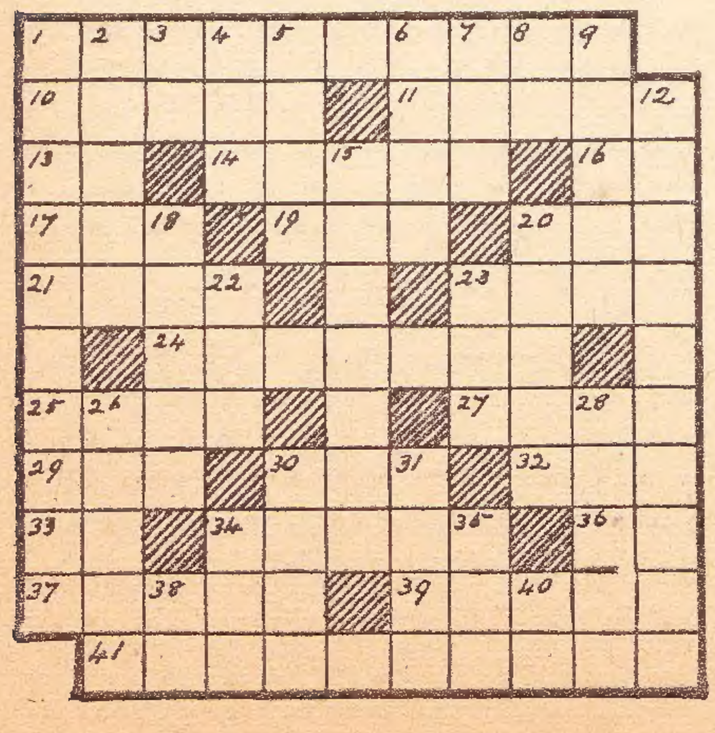
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

1. A Roman province north of Syria. I Peter 1:1.
10. A people dwelling near Israel. Josh. 12:2
11. This made the Ark watertight. Gen. 6:14
13. Nineveh was to suffer the fate of this city. Nahum 3:8.
14. Periods. Acts 1:7.
16. Pronoun. Rev. 1:8.
17. "Go to the ——, thou sluggard." Prov. 6:6.
19. "We ought to obey God rather than—" Acts 5:29.
20. Conjunction. Rom. 8:38.
21. King of Amelek. 1 Sam. 15:8.
23. Evil. Prov. 3:30.
24. One of David's mighty men. 2 Sam. 23:20.
25. Cyprus is one. Acts 13:6.
27. Solomon wrote one. Cant. 1:1.
29. A digit of the foot. Ex. 29:20.
30. Border of a garment. Matt. 9:20.
32. A gazelle. 2 Sam. 2:18.
33. Son of Shelah, the son of Judah. 1 Chron. 4:21.
34. Group of islands in the Pacific.
36. Preposition. Luke 2:16.
37. The eleventh month. Zech. 1:7.
39. To humble. Dan. 4:37.
41. A family of total abstainers. Jer. 35.

Down

1. One of the nations occupying the Promised Land. Ex. 3:17.
2. "Blessed art thou ——— women." Luke 1:28.
3. Postmaster (abbr.)
4. "As the crackling of thorns under a ——." Eccles. 7:6.
5. A mountain city of Judah. Josh. 16:50.
6. "Behold, I have set before thee an ——door." Rev. 3:8.
7. Father of King Saul. Acts 13:21.
8. Pronoun. Prov. 4:23.
9. Where Achan was stoned. Josh. 7:26.
12. A brother woh forsook Paul. 2 Tim. 1:15.
15. King of Israel. 2 Kings 15:17.
18. "Thou preparest a —— before me." Psa. 23:5
20. Abram's brother. Gen. 11:27.
22. A word used by teamsters.
23. Modern form of hath.
26. More severe. Heb. 10:29.
28. "Make a joyful —— unto God, all ye lands." Ps. 66:1.
30. Possesses. 1 John 3:17.
31. A people dwelling near Israel. Ruth 1:1
34. A biological cavity.
35. Hezekiah's mother. 2 Kings 18:2.
38. Part of verb "to be." Prov. 3:7.
40. Preposition. Eph. 1:20.



Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Twisted Rivers—1. St. Lawrence; 2.Athabasca; 3. Fraser; 4. Mackenzie; 5. Peace; 6. Ottawa.

Buried Lands.—1. Siam. 2. India. 3. Italy. 4. China. 5. Tunis. 6. Wales. 7. Peru. 8. Chile. 9. Spain. 10. Malta.

Answers to Riddles.—1. You don't get down off a donkey, you get down off a duck. 2. Hi-ya-bud. 3. There is something that smells between us.—Sent in by Theo-Marie Coray, B.C.

JUMBLED WATERS

1. Sod ban huy. 2. Fin baba fy. 3. Say jam be. 4. Sol dun lem live. 5. Is sad rav iti. 6. Dust ran ho sit.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Players form circle hands joined. One outside circle is tagger, safety base for others. Circle goes round three times, saying, "Tick, tock, Tick, tock." Tagger shouts "Five" or any other number. All count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and run for safety base. Player tagged is tagger for next turn.

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. Make ten less by adding one to it.
2. Why do your nose and chin never agree?
3. From what word of ten letters can you subtract seven and still leave ten?
4. Why is a vote at a public meeting like a cold?
5. What is the difference between a school teacher and train crew.
6. Why is a girls' school teacher like the letter C?

COUNCIL OF SEVEN

(Continued from Page 2.)

After that Challoner couldn't remember what happened very clearly. It seemed that hours passed, yet they may only have been minutes. A number of men were on top of him at once and he was fighting savagely, but hopelessly when suddenly they fell back.

A stern command rang out, "Hands up—every man of you!"

Stupidly Challoner raised his hands and turned toward the voice.

In the door leading to the rear of the house stood a tall, red-coated figure, a revolver in his hand. At the broken window a second scarlet jacket appeared, and at another door a third and a fourth.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated one of these. "It's young Challoner, the Judge's son!"

* * *

SOME hours later two doctors closed the door of a private room in the General Hospital. "He'll be all right in a few days, Dr. Smythe," said one, smiling reassuringly. "There's a nasty head wound, I'll admit; another fraction of an inch and it would have been fatal. However, I believe my friend Challoner is really in worse shape than your boy! By the way, I understand you chaps saved the city something like a major disaster tonight."

Tom grinned painfully in spite of his swelling face.

"If those Mounties hadn't been motoring by and heard the unearthly row we were making in the cottage," he asserted, "it would have been just too bad for all of us."

"What about those two rascals you impersonated?" enquired the Judge as they left the hospital.

"They had vanished," answered his son. "I imagine that when they heard the pandemonium that broke loose after they knocked, they concluded it was safer to be definitely absent. From what was said, I gathered that the police have been pretty active tonight from coast to coast, so that most acts of sabotage have been forestalled. I'm glad we were able to do our bit."

"You know, Steve," said Dr. Smythe as he said goodnight to his host at three-thirty a.m., "I'm beginning to believe that our boys might be safer in the army!"

The Reason Why

"Do you ever get any apples off that tree in your garden?"

"No, not a single one."

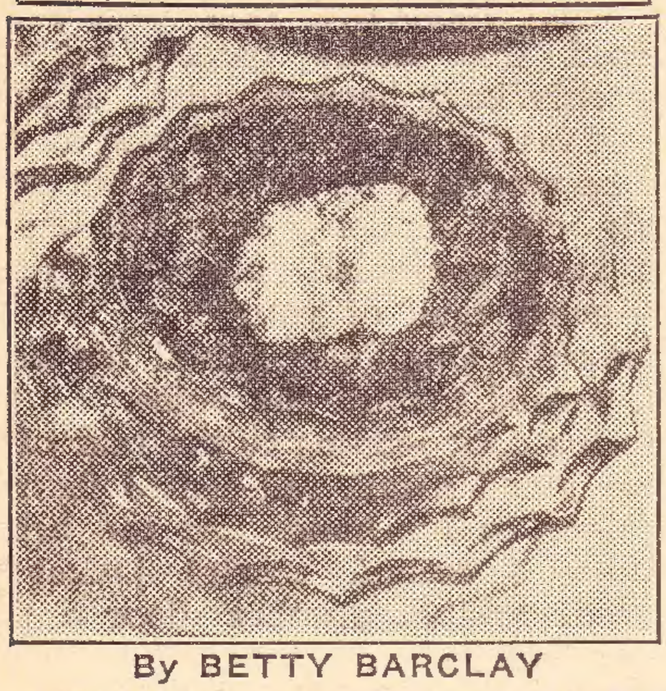
"Then why not chop it down?"

"'Cos it's a pear tree, old son."

Mr. Screecher (about to sing): "What's your favorite air"

Friend (making for door): "Fresh—and plenty of it."

Surprise Desserts



By BETTY BARCLAY

There are dozens of occasions during the year when the average woman wonders what to serve for dessert. She may be entertaining her sewing circle or her club. She may be preparing lunch for a children's party. She may be worrying about what to serve to those business friends who are coming to dinner with her husband.

An unusual dish is desirable in a case like this. But it should be a dish that may be prepared earlier in the day, so that the full attention of the hostess may be devoted to her "hot dishes" when dinner time is approaching.

Here is an economical dish, easy to prepare, healthful and unusual. It requires no eggs, no baking and no boiling. It may be prepared as early in the morning as you wish. Try it:

Honey-Nut Rennet-Custard

1 rennet tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
1 pint milk
3 tablespoons honey
½ cup pecans

Chop pecans and divide among dessert glasses. Dissolve the rennet-tablet in cold water. Add honey to milk and warm to lukewarm in top of double boiler, stirring to be sure honey blends with milk. Remove from stove and add dissolved rennet tablet. Stir quickly for a few seconds; pour at once over the nuts. Let set until firm — about 10 minutes. Then chill in refrigerator. When ready to serve, garnish with whipped cream and honey.

CUSTARD JUNKET

Take 3-4 cup milk, 1 yolk of egg, 2-3 tablespoon sugar, a speck of salt, a few gratings nutmeg or 4 drops vanilla, 1 teaspoonful of dissolved rennet.

Beat egg and add sugar and salt. Add the heated milk, strain, add flavouring. Cool until luke warm. Add rennet and pour into serving dish. Let stand in warm place until firm, then chill.

"Willie," asked a teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?" "Yes, miss", answered Willie. "Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?" "All of 'em," was the triumphant reply.

CHILDREN'S FRIENDSHIPS

"I WISH we could move from this neighborhood," said Mrs. Welborn. "Benny brings home dirty little youngsters to play with him, and he learns bad manners from them, and when I criticize them, he defends them hotly."

"I'd send them home," said Mrs. Multer, "and punish him if he brought them back again."

"What would you do, Mrs. Williams?" asked Mrs. Welborn, turning to an older neighbor who was with them. "Did you ever have a problem of this kind?"

"What mother does not, if she lives in a congested neighborhood like this?" Mrs. Williams answered. "And it makes a good deal of difference to the character of the child, whether such problems are solved in the best way. One of my friends did as Mrs. Multer suggested; she broke up some undesirable friendships in childhood, but her boy did not learn from that experience how to choose friends, and in later life made a mistake in his marriage in consequence."

"What did *you* do?" asked Mrs. Multer.

"Not liking dirty children as companions for my boy, Tommy, at first I sent them home to wash, but discovering that often the results were quite unsatisfactory, I then provided a wash basin, soap, water and towels for them. Tommy always washed first to prevent any embarrassment.

"Then, the manners and even the morals of some of the children were far from desirable, but I did not criticize the children for that. Instead, when I talked to Tommy about them, I commended some good quality I had found in one of them—and told Tommy to watch out for evidences of traits worth copying. I pointed out, however, that many of these boys had not had a chance to learn some of the things we knew, and we ought to help them find out how to think and act better in certain respects than they were then doing."

"And how did Tommy like that?" asked Mrs. Welborn.

"He responded to the idea in a fine spirit and tried not only to keep from imitating their undesirable habits, but to help them to form better ones. With some of them, this method was successful, and those who did not improve before long dropped out of the circle, or were dropped by Tommy and the other boys.

"As for Tommy himself, it made him more discriminating. Besides this, he had formed the unpleasant habit of whining when he could not do or have what he wished. None of these little fellows did that. I called Tommy's attention to this *in a friendly way*. He watched them when they were disappointed, and although some of them displayed other faults there was no whining. After that the unpleasant tone was less often heard from Tommy, and soon it ceased altogether."

"I can see how that was a better way," said Mrs. Multer.

"Yes," said Mrs. Welborn. "Thank you, Mrs. Williams, I will try your method. It will avoid the danger of breaking down the habit of loyalty in friendship, and it will show Benny how to be a helpful friend. At the same time it will give him experience in distinguishing between good and bad qualities in himself and others, and that will help him in forming his friendshpis wisely all his life."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

THE ALABASTER CRUSE

By WALTER SPENCE

Keep not thy alabaster cruse
Of love for me until the dews
Of Death's chill night are on my brow,
But pour its fragrance on me now.

If words of praise you wish to give
Speak them while yet on earth I live:
No need to breathe them in the ear
Which nevermore your words can hear.

If thou wouldst shed for me a tear
Let it not fall upon my bier,
But let it drop in sympathy
While I am here to feel and see.

If thou hast flowers to bestow
I'd like them now while I can know:
I cannot smell their sweet perfume
When they are withering on my tomb.

As Mary broke her box of nard
To anoint the head of Christ the Lord,
So let us break our cruse of love
That it may now a comfort prove.

—Advance.

Cooked Away

The Newlyweds had bought a turkey for dinner and, as Newlywed was a novice at carving, his wife insisted on his learning how to carve from the cookery book so that he should not display his ignorance before the guests. When the turkey appeared on the table, however, the host was plainly at a loss how to begin. "Why don't you carve, dear?" his wife asked anxiously. "You know exactly how it is done."

"Of course I do, love," said Newlywed, "but I can't find any of the dotted lines."

Maybe Mussolini has discovered the err in Mediterranean.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JULY 5, 1940.

SHARING THE BURDEN

THE War was brought home to Canadians in a new way in the Budget presented in Parliament by the Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of Finance. As everyone knows, it imposes a levy of taxes on Canada heavier than the country has ever borne in all its history. It affects every Canadian directly or indirectly. Most Messenger readers are young people not yet in the wage-earning class, but they through the heads of the household are bearing a share of the burden.

Nowadays we find the "younger young people" taking an increased interest in public affairs. We believe that such young people will find inspiration in some of the concluding sentences of Colonel Ralston's great speech.

"At this time everything which we treasure and the survival of the things of the spirit and mind and soul which are the most precious of all, will depend upon the willingness and the capacity of men of our blood and kith and kin to endure and to die.

"We who remember our fathers and know our sons have no cowardly doubts or weak misgivings.

"I will not dishonor the word sacrifice by applying it to anything except the gift of life itself. But, knowing the Canadian people, I am confident that they will shrink from no contribution to ensure to the soldiers and sailors and airmen of Britain and Canada all the machines and equipment which can be produced or procured.

"The overwhelming majority of men and women of the sturdy races which make up Canadian citizenship are at their best in days of trial."

After telling of some remarkably generous contributions offered by quite poor people he said:

"With such examples to challenge and inspire us, I cannot believe that any man in Canada will complain about his burden, or by greed, panic or selfish fear, betray his Canadian citizenship in the hour of Canada's need.

"Britain is giving her blood, her treasure, her all to save the world. Inspired by her example we proudly share her determination, her faith and her courage.

"Britain will not fall. Freedom will not perish. Canada will still be a land of promise for her children and her children's children. And goodness and mercy will yet again enshrine the hope and guide the steps of suffering humanity."

ANTHONY EDEN —PATRIOT

THERE is no more striking personality in public life today than Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Secretary for War. At the age of forty-three he already has a distinguished career behind him. He served in the former "World War" (1915-1919) with the King's Royal Rifles. But he is best known through his efforts when British Minister of Foreign Affairs to save Europe from war.

Mr. Eden's aim was to make the League of Nations a real thing in which the interest and safety of every nation would be the concern of all to the extent of using economic pressure or even the force of arms to hinder the aggressor.

This came out especially during the Italian attack on Ethiopia. Mr. Eden was denounced as a "war monger" especially by Germany and Italy. The British Government of the day held to the doctrine of "appeasement" of trying to placate the dictators, so Mr. Eden was obliged to resign his office and retire into the background as a private member.

When the Government was reorganized under Mr. Churchill as Premier Mr. Eden was called again into the Cabinet, this time to the post of Minister of War.

Confidence and Sacrifice

Speaking over the radio the other day, Mr. Eden warned the people of Britain that at any time they might be subject to attack from the air or otherwise. Some sentences from his address will be remembered as among the great utterances of the War. He said in part:

"These are dangerous days, days when the fibre of our race will be put to a hard test. But we also know in our hearts that they are days of great opportunities which have come to few generations. It is our privilege as an Empire, fighting together, to preserve, to restore, and in the end, to extend, the frontiers of freedom.

"The confidence of these islands and every part of the Commonwealth is a stirring sign of the deep unity of purpose which inspires all its peoples. Their troops here are evidence of that.

"The world has nowhere to look but to us for the salvation of the precious heritage of civilization which must inevitably pass from Europe unless we, with our banners from overseas, show the invincible will to defend it. Those over whom the iron wheels of the conqueror have passed, those whom the conqueror now begins to threaten, alike base their hopes on our victory. We shall not fail them.

"I can therefore speak to you tonight in a spirit of reasoned confidence. I know that we have to face hard and anxious times. But I also know that our strength cannot be insufficient for any triumph.

"We can have no doubt of the issue, you and I. This is a conflict between two ways of life which admits of no compromise in the agelong struggle between good and evil. It is not enough merely to preserve Christian civilization now in such deadly peril and placed for a time on the defensive.

"Real and complete victory will come because the British peoples are inspired by burning faith in their own high ideals and by a determination to set them up again in places where for the time being those ideals have been beaten down. If the challenge is formidable the opportunity is without parallel. This is a struggle for the future of man, for the eternal freedom of his mind and soul."

Mr. Eden called for complete devotion to the Cause which we are upholding. This is the note which Rudyard Kipling struck in 1914—

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will and soul.

At one crisis in the history of Israel the Divine word came to Moses, "Wherefore criest thou to Me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." It is as they "went forward" that they realized that they were under the leadership and protection of God.

Canada as yet has hardly felt the strain of the war. It all still seems so far away that many of us have hardly awakened to its peril or are trusting to a "miracle" to save us and the world. We are called most distinctly to help in the "miracle".

Is It a Dream?

G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY

Is it a dream—and nothing more—this faith
That nerves our brains to thought—our hands to work
For that great day when wars shall cease, and men
Shall live as brothers in a unity
Of love—live in a world made splendid?

Is it a dream—this faith of ours—that pleads
And pulses in our hearts—and bids us look,
Through mists of tears and time, to that great day
When wars shall cease upon the earth, and men
As brothers bound by Love of Man and God,
Shall build a world as gloriously fair
As sunset skies, or mountains when they catch
The farewell kiss of evening on their heights?

MENNONITES DO THEIR BIT

BISHOP DAVID TOEWS of the Mennonite community in Canada came from Saskatchewan to Ottawa to offer any help which his people might give which would not be inconsistent with their principles which are opposed to war in any shape or form.

He was told by Mr. King of the refugee children who are coming to Canada.

"Our people in Canada," said Bishop Toews, "have been treated better than in any other country and we are loyal to Canada. We want to help the Red Cross and particularly to help refugees.

"We planned to send money to help them in Europe but the Prime Minister said it would be better to keep the money in Canada where there would be ample opportunities for us to care for all the refugees we could look after.

"It would not be consistent for us who are opposed to war to buy war bonds to hold. We would be helping to buy rifles for some one else to kill. But our people are anxious to buy war bonds to hand over to the Red Cross or to help bring out refugees. We plan to do everything possible to help look after refugees."

The Mennonites, otherwise known as the Swiss Brethren, originated in Switzerland in the early 16th century. They take their name from Menno Simons, a Hollander, one of the early leaders of the movement.

Although they will not take oaths, bear arms or hold civil office they recognize the duty of respecting and obeying constituted authority. It is worth noting that the first protest against slavery in America was drawn up in a Mennonite congregation in Pennsylvania in 1688.

To help in the war effort Bishop Toews has offered to keep in operation the Rosthern experimental station which is in the midst of a Mennonite colony. The government had decided to close it down in the interest of economy and the bishop's offer from his people to work the station without wages is being considered.

Though like the Society of Friends they disbelieve in war and are exempt from military service the Mennonites are anxious to "do their bit" in service of their country.

HOME-MAKERS

"WE ARE HOME MAKERS," is the chant of thousands upon thousands of Canadian women. "We are busy caring for our children and keeping our men fit and strong. This work must continue. But our homes and our hearts are open to the homeless refugees and the bereaved. Send them to us. We will take care of them as we would our very own."

Tragic as the refugee problem is, it finds a glimmer of hope in view of the homes that are already available for 100,000 children through the files of the V.R.C.W. (Voluntary Registration of Canadian Women) One English woman, in Quebec, has stated her willingness to care for 12 refugee children. In rural communities, especially, women have registered their homes for the homeless, and smaller urban homes are very generous.

The stirring work carried on by the V.R.C.W. is being accomplished by voluntary service. The minimum of necessary expense has been met by private contributions. Over 4,000 business girls are doing the tedious, exacting work of tabulating in their spare time and without remuneration.

A VISION WORKED OUT

SOME people smile, others may sneer at the Visionary and call him a dreamer; but what we often forget is that every solid Norman castle began with a vision, as a castle in the air, a paper plan.

That very practical building at Smithfield, London, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, "the Mother Hospital of the Empire," where 7,000,000 sufferers have been treated in the last half-century, began in a dream.

Carefully preserved in the British Museum there is a twelfth-century vellum manuscript which tells the interesting story of the foundation of the hospital and church, both bearing the same name, by Rahere in the year 1123.

Rahere was a minstrel, visiting the homes of the wealthy; but one day there came a profound change in his life and God became a living reality to him. He went on pilgrimage to Rome and was at the point of death when he had his dream.

St. Bartholomew came to him with the promise of deliverance and the command to build at Smithfield a House to the Glory of God; and as a result of that vision, one of London's finest churches and hospitals became an accomplished fact.

Rahere, like the Apostle Paul, was a man of vision; but where the Christian should differ from the idle dreamer is in the fact that he must be filled with the power of the Holy Spirit, that is, with the Power to make his dreams come true.—Sel.

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged & forwarded to Official Treasurer		$459.48
Further Contributions		265.59
M.L.C., Havana, Cuba	1.00	
E. May Fraser, Sask.	10.00	
Mr. and Mrs. N. Brown, Ont.	5.18	
Mrs. J. J. Ferguson, N.S.	4.20	
"A Friend", N.S.	5.00	
Margaret Steele, B.C.	2.00	
Mr. John Perry, Alta.	2.20	29.58
Total		$754.65

PENMAN'S LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of July, 1940.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of August to Shareholders of record of the 22nd day of July, 1940.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of August to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of August, 1940.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
June 26, 1940.